

Parasol Post 9



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Martian ephemera issue

Into The Churning Maw Of Vengeance!

The reader will know that barely a month has passed since the forces of reaction, an unsavoury cabal of Empiricists, "Ice Warriors" and NASA, backed to the hilt by the New Labourgeoisie, launched a series of cruel and devastating attacks against the Red Republic. The Great Hub and many satellite nooks were wrecked and defiled; they can be rebuilt. Many of our beloved cadres are lost to us; scattered or slaughtered, they cannot be replaced.

We are heavy of heart but undaunted. We have been swift to regroup and marshall our forces for a final stand against the fascist dogs of the Dome.

Here in the Alchematological Garden have we bent every brain and sinew to forge the instrument of our vengeance. From the liquid flux of the white hot crucible we have cast a colossus, a great statue of burnished bronze some eighty feet in height. Mighty pressured piston thighs and sprung hydraulic thews.

All about its hot metallic skin we have hand-carved runes and slogans:

"Abolish the system of wage labour" "Down with the principle of heredity" "Uproot and cast down both Church and State" "A blow against the Boss is a blow against the Millennium"

Our champion, our harbinger of the World Revolution, the workers' Juggernaut!

And we call him Moloch after the god of the Ammonites whose belly was a diabolical inferno which consumed living Human sacrifice. Our being, too, has a blast furnace within which we have been feeding and stoking for many days now. But we feed it not with flesh but with paper for we do not intend to make a brute, but a creature of great wit and erudition: shrewd, cunning and sharp of tongue!

We have already seen him devour dictionaries, encyclopaedias, thesauruses and atlases by the score and he has an unquenchable thirst for pulp fiction and dark, satanic Mills and Boon. We have, of course, made a meal of Hegel and of Marx (from the juvenile odes to Jenny Von Westphalen through to the more considered *Critique of the Gotha Programme*) and for dessert Lenin and Trotsky and Luxemburg and Lukacs. We have guided his appetite along the main threads the canon of "western" philosophy: from Democritus, Socrates and Plato we unwove our tapestry shaking loose Locke and Kant and Hume, Rene Descartes and, later, Kierkegaard and Wittgenstein. Into the flames we also cast a well thumbed copy of Jostein Gaarder's *Sophie's World* in order that our behemoth be able to impose some kind of order upon the chaotic jumble of mind fodder we imposed upon him.

To impart an understanding of the spiritual we added bibles, both sixteenth century texts and modern, politically correct versions; Buddhist and Hindu writings and books on Chaos Magick and Dianetics.

Most importantly we sought to give a rounded education and consigned to the flames a whole leather bound set of the complete works of Shakespeare and collections of Rabelais, Wilde, Jack London and Stephen Fry.

The Titan is now ready, his brass wits are honed to a razor edge which can strip meat from bone with a single sentence for, indeed, words are Moloch's primary instrument with which to engage and eliminate the class enemy.

From the lurid lexicon of our creature's labyrinthine mind of cold flint will be selected just the right combination of vowels and consonants to slice through the massed ranks of riot police on Victoria Embankment. With perfect syntactical sorcery he will effect the smashing of the gates of the Palace of Westminster and the stripping away of the roof in order to gain access to the debating chamber of the Bourgeoisie where the present incumbents will be engaged in steely wordplay. With sledge-hammers of sarcasm will Moloch beat in the uncultured skulls of the Commons assembled there even as his delicate pincers of purple prose shear through ribcages to tenderly massage black hearts...

Our early trials have proved promising as Moloch has bestowed upon our enemies the following sulphuric epithets:

JOHN PRESCOTT: sea grown whelk of entrenched miasma.

CLIFF RICHARD: creamed egg for the translucent application of the unwashable.

PADDY ASHDOWN: shandy poltroon masquerading as a deep cancer.

HARRIET HARMAN: angel of the dust with wax filled orifices.

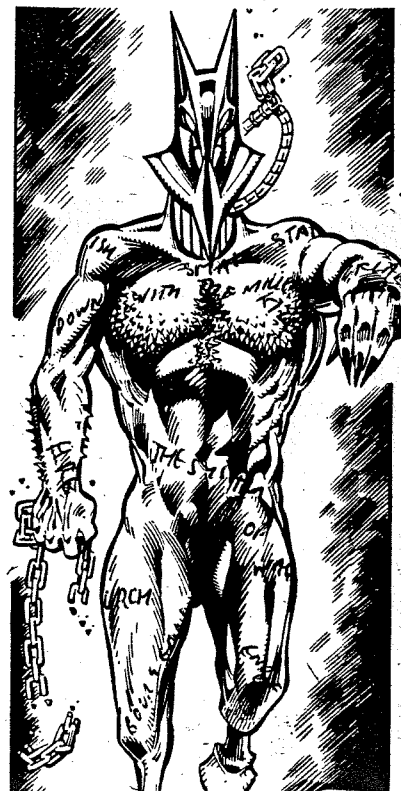
ELIZABETH WINDSOR: three parts of a chain in velvet and weaker than fractured coal.

CILLA BLACK: heaving reversal of Byzantium encrusted with jewels of vomit.

Let the slanging match of Social Upheaval commence!

Women, children and revolutionaries have no taste for irony.

Joseph Conrad



Nemesis the Warlock, a role model for our Verbal Abuse Engine.

****Mars Attracts!****

Parasol AAA

The Angry Red Planet has always held a fascination for our species.

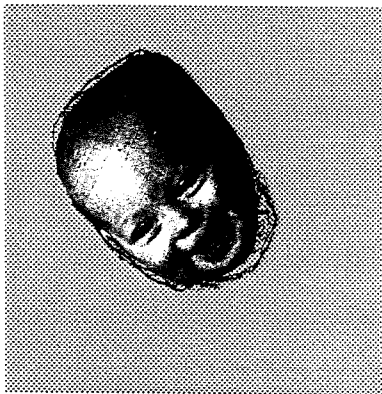
Even before the Wells brothers, H.G. and Orson, sent witless millions heading for the hills with their tales of an invasion from space, the idea that Mars was host to a sophisticated civilisation was widespread. Way back in 1877 some bloke called Giovanni Schiaparelli discovered striations on the surface of that planet which he dubbed *canali* or channels and that he considered to be great artificial waterways for agricultural irrigation of the parched Martian soil.

Of course we now know that there is very little liquid water on the permafrozen surface of Mars (although much ice exists at the poles) and if life does currently exist on Mars it is probably in deeply buried microbial form. The canals themselves are actually 'just' optical illusions, caused by alignments of surface features. Indeed, transplanted to western Europe, we would call them leylines.

Some idea of the nature of the structures which make up these leys was gained from analysis of the pictures sent back to Earth in the late 1970s by the Viking probe as it explored Cydonia, the Martian equivalent of Salisbury Plain, complete with a plethora of Stonehenges. Here could clearly be discerned five-sided pyramids, walled courtyards, spiral-grooved mounds and, of course, a two mile long humanoid face staring up at the silent stars like a flat version of the Sphinx at Giza (Figure 1). These features were hushed up by NASA or explained away as natural phenomena, but we know better. They are a striking confirmation of our thesis that Mars, in antiquity, was colonised by that great race who were the common ancestors of both the ancient Egyptians and the Celts. (The first pedant to write to us and explain that leys predate the Celts will find out just how short a shrift can be when wielded by a Parasolite Hydronaut with an axe to grind.) Since the seventies pressure has mounted for NASA to revisit Cydonia and settle the question once and for all. They did just that last April and, to allay any suggestions of chicanery, the images captured by Mars Global Surveyor were relayed within hours to a number of internet sites. Needless to say, Nasa's digitally enhanced piccies showed nothing more than a table-top mountain or plateau, with little of the symmetry of the Viking images. Twenty years of advances in digital imaging technology have reduced the former crisp images to a set of smudged polaroids! Undaunted, we still cry "chicanery!" and "foul play!", primarily because it is in our cynical, hard-bitten nature to do so but, also, because our own processing of the new data reveals a different picture.



**Fig 1,
Old Monkeyface**



**Fig 2,
the youthful charms
of Mr Lud-Har-Bel-Sett**

Using re-engineered, Yankee-imperialist technology which fell off the back of a shuttle we can now reveal that there *is* a face on Mars and it is a beautiful face: the succulent visage of none other than Luther Blisset, (figure 2) the great deity of the Celts and pre-Pharaonic Nile-dwellers. The hermaphrodite god of practical jokes, sexual licence and astral travelling.

As he gazes deep into space Blisset wills the AAA to succeed in all its myriad endeavours and when his granite eyes fall, on occasion, to Earth we feel the attraction of his charms tugging at our coat sleeves, coaxing our aching feet from the oppressive pavement...

Parasol AAA has now begun a feasibility study to see if it will be possible to transfer the Red Republic of Parasol, lock, stock and beer crate, to the Red Planet.

Uncle Sam can keep the Moon, we are heading on out to our spiritual home.

Habeus Corpus

Astrid Pluver and Guido Punctilliste are lost to us, but we cannot believe they are dead. It does not *feel* right.

We have seen many mangled and battered corpses of late but they were not among them.

Dexter has sent out his agents hither and thither to discover their whereabouts or concrete evidence of their fate. And I daily scan the hills and skies for some sign or portent.

Meanwhile, in honour of our lost comrades, and to taunt the Jackals of Reaction, we print below a previously unpublished poem by our scuba diva Guido.

The dream goes on...

Reflections On Ruins

by Prof Nick Levity

The Battersbyites failed to breach the walls of the Physickal Embassy that fateful night and from there I was compelled to watch in horror, by kaleidoscope, the unfolding slaughter of innocents and torching of all that I have loved. It was many days before I was able to steel myself to venture forth and visit the shattered hulk of the Great Hub of Parasol.

As I surveyed the appalling vista I wept acrid tears which fell onto the bitter charcoal strewn earth which I had once made my home and where I had raised a daughter. This lubricious hub which so recently buzzed with life and rang with merry children's voices was silent now and even the carrion birds had departed, having picked clean the bones of my erstwhile companions.

I sat a while in grim meditation and, as my heart cooled and hardened, I plotted my revenge against the ghouls who could perpetrate such unclean desecration. And as I mused I remembered and took comfort and succour from the words of Buenaventura Durruti:

"We are not in the least afraid of ruins. We are going to inherit the earth. There is not the slightest doubt about that. The bourgeoisie might blast and ruin its own world before it leaves the stage of history. We carry a new world, here in our hearts."

Our catapults of class consciousness remain intact and will continue to hurl forth bricks of unreality at the foe.

Within
This
Fleeting instant
Passing (pausing?)
There must
Be corners
And a zip fastener
(Somewhere) to
Invert, Unzip,
Subvert.
Like a duvet cover.
Like you do
When friends say
The stains
Make their
Flesh creep.



Andy Jordan
33 Hartington Road
Southampton
SO14 OEW

2nd March 1998

Dear Mimi,

Thank you for your comments regarding our penis, which has withstood drought, hurricanes and interference from the men of 'Wessex'. Even now they are plotting to concoct a 'Holy Alliance' against us, made up chiefly of the vested interests who control poetry. We present a 'skirted interest' and we mince on those golden hills, leaving stains on them.

Dr. Mintern is lost, but that does not mean that he is suffering. *He has walked into the underchalk.* Even now he rests in the unconscious realm. As we speak he could be kissing the lips of the Gorgon or dallying with Pluto or Perseus. We know that when his work there is done he shall rise up from the turf with a mighty text to cut through the butch bellowing of unpoets who would plague him. You may have slept with him. *Many have.*

We at the safe house continue to prepare for the end of landscape when all things shall echo out of the view and social relationships will be seen, not scenery.

If you wish to send a small child to us, to learn of our ways, please do. We build camps beneath the hills and walk on true ground, as has never been seen by the light of sun nor stars, not by 'men'.

We are glad that you have emerged. All day today the landscape issued forth - their were portents and utterings and a shifting in the light - and signs to read by.

Now, we cannot be killed, they have failed in that. The rest is ours.

7's
Andy

TURF TORQUE AND THE LAUGHING, TWISTED SODS
OR WHAT THE GROUND SAID!

We thank the Equi-Phallic Alliance for their moving letter, opposite, and eagerly await the return of Dr Charles Mintern. All comrades are urged to look to their loins, familiarise themselves with his work and to contact the EPA for copies of their Listening Voice newsletter;

Although we have small children aplenty we have not, as yet, found a comrade Mimi. However, in order to maintain prophecies and keep up appearances we have coaxed our beloved Henri into delivering a talk under the name of Mimi Fontanelle at our "Communism Under Canvas" event on June 21st; This will be a Socio-Erotic lecture around the themes of **Commodity Fetishism, Spectacular Domination and the Tendancy of the Rate of Prophets to Decline.**

After the clapping and fluid exchange subsides we will conduct remote viewing experiments, using ambient sounds and tepid lager, in order to look in on both East London AAA's "Reclaim the Stars" working and the Manchester Psychogeographers' "Manifestation of the Multi-Real" which will take place that day.

A million beacons will be lit; paradigms will shift.
On Earth as it is in Heaven, and also Under Chalk.

*ELAAA, Box 15, 138, Kingsland High St. London E8 2NS

** MAP, 24, Burlington Road, Manchester, M20 4QA

At *Parasol Post* we are always on the lookout for new talent. This film proposal by Edwin Thomas, a 13 year old of our acquaint, was sent in by his mother.

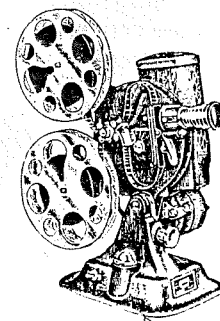
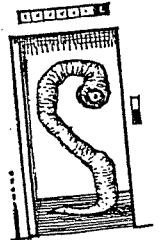
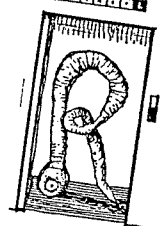
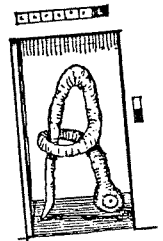
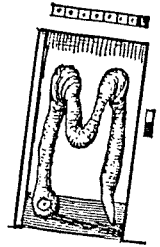
Z O N E B U S T E R S - B A S I C P L O T
A N D D E S I G N I D E A S

PLOT:

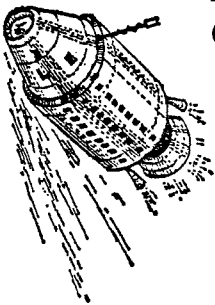
200 YEARS AGO, THE SOLAR SYSTEM WAS RULED BY A POWERFUL ENTITY KNOWN AS THE MASTER. THE SOLAR SYSTEM WAS POPPULATED MAINLY BY SLAVE-WORLDS WHERE PEOPLE MINED ORE DEPOSITS. UNTIL ONE DAY JON FRUITALOP FORMED A RESISTANCE AGAINST THE MASTER AND OVERTHREW HIM. JOHN CREATED A UTOPIA, BUT HIS UTOPIA ONLY LASTED 100 YEARS- UNTIL HIS DEATH. HIS DAUGHTER TOOK OVER BUT HAS MADE A BIT OF A HASH OF IT. FRUITALOPALLOPIA IS NOW A UTOPIA FOR THOSE WHO CAN AFFORD IT. THOSE WHO CANNOT, LIVE UNDERGROUND IN CRAP ACCOMADATION.

BEFORE HE DIED, JON MADE A TOMB CONTAINING A HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED ARMOURY OF WEAPONS. HE SAID THAT THE TOMB COULD ONLY BE OPENED BY THE PEOPLE WITH WITH THE RIGHT GENETIC CODE- THE CHOSEN ONES (ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo! heh, heh!)

FILM PLOT:
OUR HEROES, ZEJ, EDD AND ARN, LIVE UNDERGROUND IN SCUM



We are eager to film the epic, of course, but we may be hampered by a singular lack of equipment, not to mention skill. If anyone would like to donate us a camcorder, lighting rigs, a sound system and a wardrobe of suitable costumes, we are willing to have a bash at it. And we'll send a free copy of the video to all benefactors. (Oh yeah, editing equipment, too, please.)



This soft and sacred text first appeared in an ancient journal called Ferment (no.2) which we were sent (along with loads more ace stuff) by Pumf Records, 130, Common Edge Road, Blackpool: send cash for cheap 'zines and tapes etc.

Thanks to state-of-the-art digital scanning equipment we are now able to offer this seminal piece to a much narrower audience...

I was walking through the woods watching my toes, and after some consideration I decided to tint them puce, with potion I had previously produced under conditions of great stress (which I will not discuss in detail) whilst imagining myself an alchemist on the banks of the River Nile.

In any case I eventually came to rest near a waterfall. In the fullness of time I produced the necessary equipment, which included a long and rather cumbersome branch of a tree, a length of green twine, a small plastic container marked 'skink' in bold type, a dozen or so parsnip seeds and a tiny alien module which I had excavated whilst scavenging a crashed U.F.O. in my days as a diplomat in Madagascar.

Placing the metallic module, whose function I imagined to be that of a highly compact computer memory, into the small plastic container marked 'skink', I then mounted both of these objects precariously in the leafy upper reaches of the branch, and stuffed the parsnip seeds up my nostrils, so that I was unable to breathe through my nose. I placed the green twine in a soft drink bottle together with a poem which I will not write here, fastened the cap, and threw it into the river. Then I picked up the branch, together with its arcane cargo and held it above my head. This accomplished, I proceeded to wave it around in as lyrical a way as one could conceivably wave a rather long and cumbersome branch, and lurching rather awkwardly around on the banks of the waterfall, I began, to chant:

*"Ipbo, Ipbo, Nongo, Sorb,
Stronty-bo-bo,
Ronty-robe.*

*Admirers of the countenance of water:
Who are the architects of green and gold?"*

Repeatedly in a strident voice. When I had performed this ceremony for approximately one half-hour, I stopped abruptly in mid-chant, and laid my tools down in the grassy verge. I then began to contemplate my physical appearance. I discovered that not one single toe on my feet approached even the remotest suggestion of puce; but that the tops of my fingers had turned into aubergines. Hurriedly removing the parsnip seeds from my nostrils, I exclaimed aloud as I discovered that my suspicion was correct; I had included one seed too many.

Simon

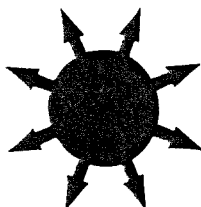
We have not seen a copy of SINIS yet but as it hails from the same stable as our beloved friends the OKOK Society it must be a delight. Contact them with cashful offerings and await the tickling of your letterbox

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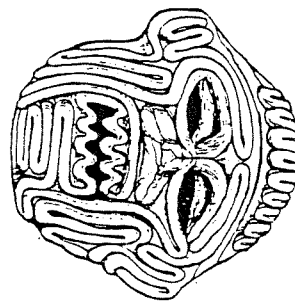
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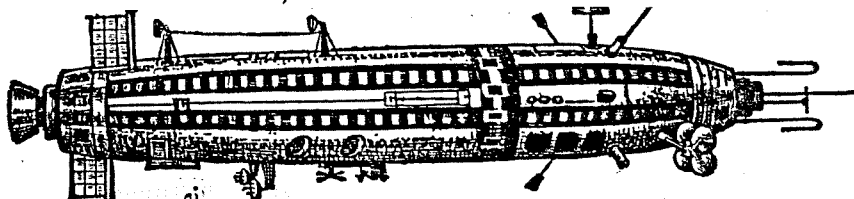
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